

# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Byron's Life and Works.* Vol. VII. London: Murray.

With this volume commences the poetry of Lord Byron, and with it much of the interest which we feel in the illustrious poet. The memoir, extending through the six preceding volumes, is ample, and contains many vivid delineations and fearless discussions concerning men and manners, and, as it comes chiefly from the memorandums and letters of the poet, we may regard it almost as the work of his own hand. We cannot well desire to know more about Lord Byron than what Moore has revealed, and if he said less about his friend's character as a man and a poet than we could have wished, we are likely to be fully gratified on that point now, for the present volume abounds with new matter, and that of a most interesting kind, both in verse and prose. The poems are not only arranged according to the date of their composition, but on almost every page we have a running commentary, illustrating the text, explaining the circumstances under which the various poems were composed, and giving us agreeable glimpses of the noble poet, and his friends and companions. These notes are, in our estimation, very valuable: they are anecdotal, critical, historical, or biographical, as the occasion demands, and seem to be supplied by one who is well acquainted with polished life and popular literature, and who has the good sense to be brief as well as instructive. The editor gives the following short and clear account of what he has done and is doing:—

"The poetical works of Lord Byron, thus arranged, and illustrated from his own diaries and letters—(to many of which, as yet in MS., the Editor has had access),—and from the information of his surviving friends, who have in general answered every inquiry with prompt kindness,—will now present the clearest picture of the history of the man, as they must ever form the noblest monument of his genius.

"Besides the juvenile miscellany of 1807, entitled, 'Hours of Idleness,' and the satire of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' first published in 1809, the present volume embraces a variety of Occasional Pieces, many of them now first printed, written between 1807 and the summer of 1810. Its contents bring down, therefore, the poetical autobiography of Lord Byron, from the early days of Southwell and Harrow, to the time when he had seriously entered on the great work which fixed his place in the highest rank of English literature.

"Here the reader is enabled to trace 'the river of his life' at its sources, and trace it gradually from the boyish regions of passionately tender friendships, innocent half-fanciful loves, and that vague melancholy which hangs over the first stirrings of ambition, until, widening and strengthening as it flows, it begins to appear discoloured with the bitter waters of thwarted

affliction and outraged pride. No person, it is hoped, will hesitate to confess that new light is thrown on such of these pieces as had been published previously, by the arrangement and annotation which they have at length received—any more than that, among the minor poems now for the first time printed, there are several which claim a higher place, as productions of Lord Byron's genius, than any of those with which, in justice to him and to his reader, they are thus interwoven."

We had marked many of the notes for our pages, but pass them over, for we know our readers would rather see something new from the hand of Lord Byron, than from that of any other person. We have no less than ten poems, not one of which has ever been published before, to select something worthy of the poet from: and there is the less difficulty in this, since they are all, or nearly all, marked by much of the manly vigour of his brightest days. The 'Farewell of Burns to Caledonia' is, to us, one of the most touching of his productions; the following poem of the same kind is scarcely less mournful:—

### The Adieu.

Written under the impression that the Author would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy  
Spread roses o'er my brow;  
Where science seeks each lingering boy  
With knowledge to endow.  
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,  
Partners of former bliss or woes;  
No more through Ida's path we stray;  
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,  
Whose ever-smothering inmates dwell  
Unconscious of the day.  
Adieu, ye heavy Regal Fanes,  
Ye spires of Grandeur's vale,  
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,  
And Melancholy pale.  
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,  
Ye tenants of the classic bower,  
On Cama's verdant margin placed,  
Adieu! while memory still is mine,  
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,  
These scenes must be effaced.  
Adieu, ye mountains of the clime,  
Where grew my youthful years;  
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime  
His giant summit rears.  
Why did my childhood wander forth  
From you, ye regions of the North,  
With sons of pride to roam?  
Why did I quit my Highland cave,  
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,  
To seek a Southern home?  
Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—  
Yet why to thee adieu?  
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,  
Thy towers my tomb will view;  
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,  
And former glories of thy Hall  
Forgets its wretched simple note:—  
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,  
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,  
In dying strains may float.  
Fields, which surround my rustic cot,  
While yet I linger here,  
Adieu! you are not now forgot,  
To retrospection dear.  
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge,  
My youthful limbs were wont to urge  
At moonlight boat their pliant course;  
Pursuing with ardour from the shore,  
Thy springs will have these limbs no more,  
Deprived of active force.

\* Harrow.

† The river Grete, at Southwell.

And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?  
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between  
The spot which passion blest;  
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,  
To me in smiles display'd:  
Till slow disease resigns his prey  
To Death, the parent of decay,  
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my Friend! whose gentle lore  
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,  
How much thy friendship was above  
Description's power of words!  
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,  
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,  
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;  
Our souls were equal, and our lot  
In that dear moment quite forgot;  
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!  
No smile of Love's deceit  
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,  
Can bid Life's pulses beat:  
Not even the hope of future fame  
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,  
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.  
Mine is a short inglorious race,—  
To humble in the dust my face,  
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart:  
On him who gains thy praise,  
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,  
Consumed in glory's blaze;  
But me she beckons from the earth,  
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,  
My life a short and vulgar dream:  
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd.  
My hopes recline within a shroud,  
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,  
Unheeded in the clay,  
Where once my playful footsteps trod,  
Where now my head must lay;  
The need of pity will be shed  
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,  
By nightly skies and storms alone;  
No mortal eye will deign to steep  
With tears the dark sepulchral deep  
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless spirit,  
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven;  
There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
If errors are forgiven.  
To bigots and to sects unknown,  
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;  
To Him address thy trembling prayer:  
He who is merciful and just,  
Will not reject a child of dust,  
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,  
My soul is dark within:  
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert the death of sin.  
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
Who calms't the elemental war,  
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,  
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;  
And, since I soon must cease to live,  
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [Now first published.]

The next which we shall notice is in another strain: we are not, however, among those who prefer the gaiety of the poet to his seriousness:—

To the Author of a Sonnet beginning,  
"Sad is my verse," you say, "and yet no hear."  
Thy verse is "sad" enough, no doubt:  
A devilish deal more sad than witty!  
Why we should weep I can't find out,  
Unless for thee we weep in pity.

§ Mary Duff.

|| Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister.

Yet there is one I pity more;  
And much, alas! I think he needs it:  
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,  
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.  
Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,  
May once be read—but never after;  
Yet their effect 's by no means tragic,  
Although by far too dull for laughter.  
But would you make our bosoms bleed,  
And of no common pang complain—  
If you would make us weep indeed,  
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.  
March 8, 1807. [Now first published.]

Many poets have bid a sportive farewell to the muse, and the world perhaps would have been deprived of little happiness had some, whom we shall not now name, been serious, when they thus took leave: we, however, know what the extent of our loss would be had Byron been in earnest when he bade

*Farewell to the Muse.*

Thou power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,  
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part;  
Then rise on the gale this last of my lays,  
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,  
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor inspire thee to sing;  
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,  
Are wadded far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing Lyre,  
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;  
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,  
My visions are flown, to return—alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,  
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!  
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,  
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,  
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?  
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?  
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?  
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!  
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,  
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,  
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my Sires?  
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!  
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Unthought'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to the blast—  
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;  
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,  
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,  
Since early affection and love is o'ercast;  
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,  
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er  
meet;  
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:  
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet—  
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu.  
1807. [Now first published.]

On many inanimate things the world lavishes its affection because they are connected with the great heirs of fame: we have seen laurel leaves from Virgil's tomb—grass from Tasso's grave—chips from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree—daisies from the churchyard sward where Burns lies—and twigs from Napoleon's willow: we suspect, however, that none of all these matters will be in more request than the oak which Lord Byron planted with his own hand at Newstead, and on which he wrote the following lines:—

*To an Oak at Newstead.*

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,  
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;  
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,  
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's years  
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee with pride:  
They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—  
Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and since that fatal hour,  
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;  
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,  
But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care  
Might revive thy young head, and thy wounds gently heal;

But thou wert not fated affection to share—  
For who could suppose that a Stranger would feel?

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for a while;  
Ere twice round you glory this planet shall run,  
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to smile,  
When Infancy's years of probation are done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,  
That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,  
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,  
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,  
Though I shall be low in the cavern of death,  
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages may shine,  
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave  
O'er the curse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;  
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,  
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this spot,  
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread,  
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:  
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

And here will they say when in life's glowing prime,  
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young simple lay,  
And here must he sleep, till the moments of time  
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [Now first published.]

That the poet's oak is flourishing we have the editor's assurance in the following words:—

"Lord Byron, on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, planted an oak in the garden, and nourished the fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he. On revisiting the abbey, during Lord Grey de Ruthven's residence there, he found the oak choked up by weeds, and almost destroyed;—hence these lines. Shortly after Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor, took possession, he one day noticed it, and said to the servant who was with him, 'Here is a fine young oak; but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.'—'I hope not, sir,' replied the man: 'for it's the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.' The Colonel has, of course, taken every possible care of it. It is already inquired after, by strangers, as 'THE BYRON OAK,' and promises to share in after times, the celebrity of Shakspeare's mulberry, and Pope's willow."

It would be unjust to a meritorious publisher were we to transfer to our columns more of the poetry of Byron or the notes of the editor: in the succeeding volumes we are promised many more snatches of verse and bits of criticism, for which we understand there are abundant materials; and we hear also, that something of a supplemental nature will be added from the pen of the editor of the *Quarterly*. If this be so, we would direct his attention to a note in the *Edinburgh Review*, which followed close on the publication of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and where, if we remember rightly, the said poem was alluded to as a piece of dull prose assuming the aspect of verse. We wish also that he would print the whole of the critique from the *Edinburgh*: it began, we think, in the first edition of the Review, in the following words, "Who George Gordon Lord Byron, a minor, may be, we do not pretend to know," &c. The public is largely indebted to the publisher for this edition of a favourite author: not only is it remarkable for external elegance and compact beauty of arrangement, but it contains the only full and accurate account of the man, and the only complete collection of his poems and letters which has or can be published. It is also lavishly embellished.

*The Enquirer*;—and  
*The Hindoo Youth*. Published for Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee. Calcutta.

*The Persecuted; or, Dramatic Scenes illustrative of the Present State of Hindoo Society in Calcutta*. By Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee. Calcutta.

Pondering a short time since on that chapter in 'Saturday Evening,' which treats of the antiquated and dotting state of all the leading superstitions now extant in the world, we were particularly struck with the following passage:—

"But may not at least the dark and gorgeous superstitions of India boast of undiminished strength as well as of venerable age? Antiquated as they are, can we affirm that they totter?—less so, it may be granted, than any other forms of false religion upon earth. They were born for longevity; they are the beings of the climate; almost as proper to it as its prodigious and venomous reptiles. But can it be said of these illusions, firm as they still seem, that they have not been placed in jeopardy during the last fifty years, and especially of late? Is there not even now, in the fanaticism of India, more of *usage* than of *passion*?—and we well know that the very crisis of a profound religious system, such as Hindooism, such as Romanism, comes on, when the enormities which once were cruel and sincere, begin to be simply loathsome and farcical. Besides, does not the strength of the religion of India consist in the credit of the Braminical order? The beard of the Bramin is the secret of its power; but, like the locks of Samson, may it not readily be lost? The credit of the Bramin rests upon the unnatural partition of the people by *caste*; and this partition is hastening to decay."

The kindness of a friend now enables us to offer the reader a striking corroboration of this passage, in the periodicals and pamphlet which head this notice. 'The Enquirer' and the 'Hindoo Youth' are papers, the former printed twice a week, the latter occasionally, edited, in English, by a young Bramin; and their avowed object is to arouse the minds of Hindoo youths, to examine for themselves what hitherto they have been commanded to believe and perform without examination. Baboo Krishna Mohana Banerjee is a religious reformer: he is a Hindoo sceptic; and to make his countrymen sceptics, with regard to Hindooism, is the avowed intent of his literary undertaking. To those who cannot afford to subscribe for his journals, he offers them without charge. Additional interest is given by occasional extracts from English magazines and journals (we found various articles reprinted from the *Athenæum*); but the main, and by no means vaguely avowed object, is to attack the faith of Brahma. Our readers must not from this suppose that the editor therefore advocates Christianity: he is simply a sceptic—one in a state of doubt as to what he shall adopt, though in a state of certainty as to what he shall reject.

This attack on the Brahminical faith, though done in what strikes the English reader as a *foreign* manner, is often done with ingenuity, and most evidently with sincerity. One of the addresses to 'Hindoo Youths' contains the witches' incantation from Macbeth, with the following pithy remarks on it:—

"After reading the above, you all will undoubtedly join in believing, that these are but the poet's inventions; your minds will have a certain sensation against the possibility of such

charms being practised; your feelings will impel you to say they are all fictions;—but while you find it utterly impossible to believe that the throwing of these things into the cauldron, and the uttering of those sounds, are calculated to raise spirits and apparitions, you will, if you calmly reflect, find that you yourselves, in our enlightened age, are misled by priestcraft to believe the efficacy of ceremonies as absurd as the one illustrated by Shakspeare. If you grant the holiness of the Doorga Poojah and the other ceremonies observed by your parents and relations, you grant absurdities that, at least, are as palpable as these we have alluded to. The same reason that leads you to feel that the ingredients thrown into the cauldron are all false, ought also to convince you of the absurdity of believing that cow-dung has the power of purifying a God. If the ceremony performed by the witch is false, is it possible that the Bramin articulating a certain number of syllables can render a clod of earth a God?"

'The Persecuted' describes in dramatic scenes what 'The Enquirer' designs to effect by graver argument. It is not unamusing; and, bearing in mind that the author's knowledge of the English language depends solely on the education afforded him by the Hindoo College—that he is under twenty—that he was brought up by men diametrically opposed in language, manners, and customs, to those in whose dialect he has written, it is certainly no despicable performance. The piece turns on the contrivances of the Bramins to get back, or to punish a young Hindoo, a leader of liberals—otherwise heretics—otherwise beef-eaters—otherwise sceptics in the matter of Hinduism. Amongst other contrivances they go to the native editor of a newspaper; we extract part of two scenes:—

*"Scene—A Printing Office."*

"*Lallehand.* Yes, well said, well said; write against the villain fearlessly—give biting touches respecting the growing heresy."

"*Pandit.* If it please you, sir."

"*Lall.* Then, of this occurrence, regarding that fellow. Expatiate upon it with freedom. Abuse the rascal as much as you possibly can without the imputation of a libel. Call him a drunkard."

"*Pan.* I believe he is not a drunkard, though a heretic."

"*Lall.* And what business have you to believe so, Sir? I tell you to write so, and want no philosophy from you. Be he in the habit of getting drunk or not, call him a drunkard."

"*Pan.* I will, Sir. I will hand you the page proofs this evening."

"*Lall.* Do so, (*The Pandit retires.*) I must have a careful eye upon myself. These young fellows will surely be mischievous; if their sentiments be generally imbibed, there is an end of my paper."

*Enter Turko Lunkar and Bydhabajee, (Drauns).*

"*Turko.* Hail, worthy Lallehand. We have come to you, impelled by duty, and actuated by emotions, which we are proud to say we are capable of, respecting our holy religion."

"*Bydha.* But more particularly by a fear of our pockets (*aside*)."

"*Lall.* Well, you indeed deserve credit for your noble motives."

"*Bydha.* For our love of rupees, annas, and piece money (*aside*)."

"*Turko.* What think you of the strange things now transpiring? young fellows, disregarding every consideration, take beef! horrid! What is to be done for this? What wickedness! Gods! the reign of vice has commenced!"

"*Lall.* I believe I understand what you mean. You speak of that circumstance respecting that cur of Mohadeb."

"*Bydha.* We do, you have exactly hit it; what then now ought we to do?"

"*Lall.* Why, raise false reports against these fellows—exaggerate the least cause you may get—prejudice the people against them—utter their names with the most abusive epithets. Do all these—nay more: I am resolved to summon all rich men to a common assembly, and, laying these matters to a consideration, pass an order to Mohadeb to turn his son out. That shall be my duty."

"*Turko.* We admire your holy ardour for religion—we adore your feelings as a Hindoo—we thank your generous advocacy of our order."

"*Bydha.* No street will we pass but by doing what you advised; no house will we go to without preaching against these fellows. So, with expressions of heartfelt thanks, we take our leave, confiding upon your noble nature for the preservation of our religion. (*Exeunt.*)"

"*Lall.* Ha! ha! ha! My noble nature for the preservation of our religion!—what cannot Lallehand do!"

We have drawn attention to these Hindoo productions for reasons even more interesting than literary merit; as being signs of the Indian times, and indications of a moral change. Krishna Mohana Banerjee we shall never see; but, as he is a reader of the *Athenæum*, we must remind him, that scepticism is only a stage of intellectual progression; having got so far, he must get farther. Belief, not scepticism, is the end of inquiry.

*English Songs, and other small Poems.* By Barry Cornwall.

[Second Notice.]

THE poet has introduced his lyrics by a preface concerning the subtle art of song-writing, in which he has rather indicated than expressed his notions, for, in truth, he allowed himself too little room for a satisfactory discussion of the subject. We regret this the more because he seems possessed with the true spirit of the matter; in almost all that is said in the following passage we concur.

"In our country, (and I believe in most others) the ballad preceded the song. The achievements of the warrior were reflected in the magnifying verse of the minstrel. There scarcely ever was an age so dark, or a people so barbarous, as not to have possessed bards who sang the praises of their heroes. These two seen, in fact, to have been almost necessary to each other; and to have gone, hand in hand, together, illustrating the soul and sinews of the times. The soldier would have lacked one strong incentive, had a minstrel been found wanting to shout forth his deeds; and, without a hero, the minstrel himself would have had little or no subject for his song. For all the subtleties of thought, which writers in more advanced ages pour out so profusely, are beyond the range of an uneducated poet. He knows, and sings only, what he sees and hears. The sheep and their pastures,—the struggles and bloody fruds of his province, form the staple of his verse. His heroes are renowned, like the racer, for blood, and bone, and sinew. All else is beyond his limit,—beyond his power. It is the educated poet only who sublimates abstract ideas to the purposes of his verse, and lets loose his imagination into daring and subtle speculations. There is no one, with whose works I am acquainted, who falsifies this position: saving perhaps Shakspeare,—who is an exception to all things!"

There are other passages worth quoting and reading in the prose, but we must move on to the verse. Poets have been too much in the practice of writing up the charms of

ladies, for other men to admire and woo the song of 'Love the poet,' may be somewhat selfish, but we are sure it is of a winning nature; that lady would deserve a stern husband who could shut her heart and remain insensible to its attractions:—

*Lone the Poet, pretty one.*

Love the poet, pretty one!  
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,—  
Lessons of the earth and sun,  
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap  
Music from the golden lyre;  
He can show thee how to steep  
All thy thoughts in fire.

Fieed not, though at times he seem  
Dark and still, and cold as clay;  
He is shadowed by his Dream!  
But t'will pass away.

Then—bright fancies will he weave,  
Caught from air and heaven above;  
Some will teach thee how to grieve;  
Others, how—to love!

How from sweet to sweet to rove—  
How all evil things to slum;  
Should I not then whisper—*Love—*  
*Love the poet, pretty one!*

The heart of the bard soon expands; there is no selfishness in

*The Wooing Song.*

O pleasant is the fisher's life,  
By the waters streaming;  
And pleasant is the poet's life,  
Ever, ever dreaming.

And pleasant is the hunter's life,  
O'er the meadows riding;  
And pleasant is the sailor's life,  
On the seas abiding!

But, oh! the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

The hunter, when the chase is done,  
Laugheth loud and drinketh;  
The poet, at the set of sun,  
Sigheth deep and thinketh:

The sailor, tho' from sea withdrawn,  
Dreams he 'a half seas over;  
The fisher dreameth of the dawn,  
But, what dreams the lover?

He dreams that the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

Some think that life is very long,  
And murmur at the measure;  
Some think it is a syren song—  
A short, false, fleeting pleasure:

Some sigh it out in gloomy shades,  
Thinking nought, nor doing;  
But we'll ne'er think it gloomy, Maids!  
Whilst there's time for wooing.

For, sure, the merry life is wooing, is wooing;  
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

The following is in a finer spirit; it is the song of one who looks on the lady of his heart as she lies slumbering—perhaps dreaming of himself:—

*A Repose.*

She sleeps amongst the pillows soft,  
(Above, now veiled with her night,  
And all around, and all aloft,

Hang dates and folds of virgin white;  
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,  
Her glance out-shines the starry sky;  
But now her locks are hidden quite,  
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she start?  
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?  
None, None! the Dream is near her heart;  
The spirit of sleep is in her brain.

He cometh down like golden rain,  
Without a wish, without a sound;  
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)  
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,  
Bedriven from his nightly sway,—  
Far tiding when the dawning skies  
Our souls with weakening thoughts array.

Two Spirits of night doth man obey;  
By each he's wrought, from each he learns:  
The one is Lord of life by day;  
The other when starry Night returns.

The bard has merry moods, so has he stern ones: he is sometimes busy in battle; frequently tossing on the wave; nor does he forget that fields are to be ploughed, and webs woven, as well as bottles of wine de-



canted, and ladies wooed; here is a song, however, on none of these themes, and yet a capital song still:—

*The Conic's Farewell.*

Row us on, a felon band,  
Farther out to sea,  
Till we lose all sight of land,  
And then—we shall be free!  
Row us on, and loose our fetters;  
Yea! the boat makes way:  
Let's say "Good bye" unto our betters,  
And, hey for a brighter day!

Farewell, juries,—jailors,—friends,  
(Traitors to the close)  
Here the felon's danger ends.  
Farewell, bloody foes!  
Farewell, England! We are quitting  
Now thy dungeon doors:  
Take our blessing, as we're flitting,—  
"A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England,—honest nurse  
Of all our wants and sins!  
What to thee's the felon's curse?  
What to thee who wins!  
Murder thrive in thy cities,  
Famine through thine isle:  
One may cause a dozen ditties,  
But 'other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England,—tender soil,  
Where babes who leave the breast,  
From morning into midnight toil,  
That pride may be proudly drest!  
Where he who's right, and he who swerveth  
Meet at the goal the same;  
Where no one hath what he deserveth,  
Not even in empty fame!

So, fare thee well, our country dear!  
Our last wish, ere we go,  
Is—May your heart be never clear  
From tax, nor tithes, nor woe!  
May they who sow e'er reap for others,  
The hundred for the one!  
May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers  
Each hate his Mother's son!

May pains and fens still fence the place  
Where justice must be bought!  
So he who's poor must hide his face,  
And he who thinks—his thought!  
May Might e'er Right be crowned the winner,  
The head still o'er the heart,  
And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,  
You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,  
And your farmers when bread is low,  
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,  
Learn more than your nobles know!  
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,  
And your convicts all short throats,  
And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,  
And tempt ye with one pound notes!

And so,—with hunger in your jaws,  
And peril within your breast,  
And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,  
For those who pay the best;  
Farewell to England's woe and weal!  
..... For our betters, so bold and blythe,  
May they never want, when they want a meal,  
A Parson to take their Tithe!

There are one hundred and seventy songs in this small book, and, from the specimens which we have given, our readers may suppose that many others are to be found of equal beauty, elegance, and spirit: but this is not all; the volume is wound up with some thirty pages odd of 'Dramatic Fragments,' which recall certain dramatic scenes, by the same author, to our recollection. They are varied and forcible, and distinguished by a happiness and ease of expression which remind us of the golden age of the drama. We cannot make room for more than one; nor will it be one that we think the most poetic: we quote it for its good sense and good feeling—qualities less common in verse than they deserve to be.

*An Epitaph.*

Mark, when he died, his tombs, his epitaphs!  
Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake;  
Nor dye 't in sable. No black steeds were there,  
Caparisoned in woe; no hired crowds;  
No hearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprisoned  
Like ammunition in a tumbrel) rolled  
Rattling along the street, and silenced grief;  
No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung;  
No stone; no gilded verse;—poor common shows!

But tears, and tearful words, and sighs as deep  
As sorrow is—these were his epitaphs!  
Thus,—(fifty graces,) he hath now, inured  
In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides  
Are graven his many virtues. When they perish,—  
He's lost!—and so 't should be. The poet's name  
And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,  
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand;  
But none record the household virtues there.  
These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)  
In endless and serene oblivion!

What we like least is the hint that this volume is a farewell offering: had the work shown any symptoms of decay in beauty or in strength, we might have been silent and contented; but when an author, after singing the happiest of all his strains, turns round in the midst of our approbation, and vows that he will sing no more, we are not sure but we ought to reckon him ungrateful, and take our leave of him and his silence in a surly mood.

*Homer and his Writings.* By the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban. Paris, 1822. Fournier.

The object of this very able and learned pamphlet is to establish the individuality and real existence of Homer, against those who maintain that the Iliad and Odyssey are the rhapsodies of several bards, ingeniously systematized and arranged by some unknown editor. The writings of Coleridge and Keightley,—the most popular as well as the most valuable of modern contributions to classical literature in England,—have directed public attention to this topic, which, though strenuously debated by continental scholars, seemed to be strangely neglected in this country. The Marquis de Fortia is a strenuous advocate for the individuality of Homer, and, of course, for the unity of authorship in the Iliad and Odyssey: Mr. Keightley unhesitatingly, and Mr. Coleridge with obvious reluctance, take the opposite side, and thus comes "the tug of war." Before giving any account of the controversy, we must premise, that, in our opinion, the mental qualifications of the combatants, and the peculiarities of their intellectual conformations, have had no small influence in determining the side which they should advocate. Those possessed of a warm and vivid imagination, who have been accustomed from earliest youth to dwell with rapture on the creations of poetry, and to form in their souls pictures of the events portrayed in the writings of genius, have involuntarily acquired the habit of personifying for themselves some author of these creations. An ideal Homer exists in their phantasy, and they eagerly seize on every circumstance that seems to prove that some archetype existed for the unreal phantom. On the other hand, critics, whose enthusiasm is cooled by their judgment, have been diverted from the effect produced by the whole poem, to observe the discrepancy of its parts, and have detected what they consider sufficiently important criterions to characterize a diversity of authors. The first impulse of every youthful student is in favour of the former—sober age yields many converts to the latter.

The controversy itself affords few points of interest to general readers; but there are many incidental topics involved in the discussion, and more especially certain laws of historical evidence, which are of far more extended importance than the personality of all the poets that ever existed.

The very first assumption made by those who advocate the personality of Homer, is

refuted by a fact that is matter of every-day experience. They say, that "the appearance of these works, from remote antiquity, in a single volume, and under a common name, proves a concurrent belief in the individuality of the writer." It proves no such thing; and even if it did, "concurrent belief" would not be sufficient to prove the singleness of authorship. The Bible is the production of several inspired writers, living at varieties of periods that spread over no less than fifteen centuries; yet it is collected into a single authoritative volume; and though no one directly attributes to it "individuality of authorship," yet all, or at least the immense majority of Christians, treat it as the work of a single mind. The Roman Catholic writers say, that the omission of certain parts of the Apocrypha is a mutilation of the Bible. Martin Luther, for his objections to the epistle of St. James, was called an enemy of the Bible; and the English critics who have ventured to write against the Song of Solomon, have been branded as enemies to the Scriptures; as if scepticism respecting any part implied a doubt of the whole. But even a closer and more convincing parallel is furnished by the sacred records: the book called the Psalms of David is far from being the work of the minstrel monarch, as is sufficiently evident from the titles and the subjects of many; yet his name is prefixed to the entire one hundred and fifty. Now, from such instances, it clearly follows, that collection into a volume, and ascription of individual title, prove just nothing.

The second point, urged by the Marquis and his friends with most pertinacity, is the similarity of style and structure in the books of the Iliad and Odyssey: to this it has been very fairly answered by Mr. Keightley, that the same is observable in the Spanish legend of the Cid, and the English ballads of Robin Hood. To which we may add, that even our best Biblical critics have not been able to discover any striking dissimilarity between the style and structure of Moses and Malachi, after the lapse of a thousand years.

The two arguments that we have been considering, were, however, brought forward by the propounders, more to catch the unthinking, than from any confidence they reposed themselves in their validity. This *prolocutio ad populum* is generally the resort of a learned man, when he feels conscious that his arguments are weak: we have therefore met it with an example which, from the possibility of being either misunderstood or misrepresented, we should have been loth to use, but for its perfect applicability to the subject.

But the followers of Wolf have made just as great blunders in their general propositions as their opponents. If the asserters of Homer's personality have been too ready to generalize, Wolf and the advocates for the "joint-stock" composition of the Iliad have been too ready to make distinctions where no difference existed. Of this we have a splendid instance in their separating the periods when the use of letters and the use of writing materials were introduced into Greece. In the name of common sense, how could letters be taught, and to what use could they be applied, if there were not materials on which they could be represented? In an old humorous dissertation on abstraction, we find the abstract idea of "a dinner"

defined to be, "that which includes neither the notions of eaters nor eatables." And letters without writing materials is just as ridiculously unsubstantial. Mr. Keightley says, "the Greeks may have had letters in the tenth century before Christ, but they had no means of procuring the papyrus before the seventh century, and parchment was not invented until long afterwards." The reference to "rolls," in the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, makes the latter clause of this sentence more than doubtful, especially as the Jews imported all their inventions in the arts; and, consequently, if parchment was used by them in the early part of the eighth century, when Isaiah flourished, it must have been known to some other Eastern nation, and most probably the Phœnicians, at an earlier period. But, after all, papyrus and parchment may have been unknown, and yet other materials for writing have existed. The *πίναξ πτυκτός*, which Homer mentions in the legend of Belerophon, could scarcely have been slabs of marble folding on hinges: and, whatever were its materials, its existence was conclusive as to the knowledge of means of transmitting written information at the time when the Iliad poems were composed. It is not a little strange, that those who quote this passage to prove the non-existence of letters at the time of the Trojan war, because the words *σῆματα λεγόμενα* may, by possibility, signify hieroglyphic signs, should not have discovered that *πίναξ πτυκτός*, however they chose to interpret it, completely overthrew an important and almost essential division of their argument; if the phrase *woful symbols* proves the non-existence of letters, surely the phrase *folded tablets* proves the existence of some epistolary substance, as convenient and portable as papyrus or parchment.

The uncertainty of the time and place of Homer's birth is but of little service to the opponents of his individuality—Quintus Curtius, Petronius, and many others, whom no one dreams of robbing of their personality, are precisely in the same predicament. The phrase in the History of Herodotus, so frequently adduced to prove that the life of Homer ascribed to the historian, is not authentic, proves nothing in a case where accurate chronology cannot be expected. From the biography of Homer, he appears to have flourished five centuries before the historian; but Herodotus, in his history, says that Homer and Hesiod flourished about 400 years before him, which the critics deem a manifest contradiction. Now this is really attributing to the ancients more accuracy in chronology, on all occasions, than either they or even we possess. Homer and Hesiod were not cotemporaries; and Herodotus, incidentally introducing their names, speaks vaguely of the time that elapsed since their account of the Grecian deities had been sanctioned by general approbation; and, of course, dates from the latter, whose genealogies of the gods were more precise and particular. Thus, in the present day, a person might say, "I write two centuries after the age of Shakspeare and Milton;" but who, from such a loose phrase, would attempt to identify the time in which either flourished?

The controversy respecting the individuality of Homer has excited more attention on the Continent than in this country; but we have reason to believe that more than one of

our English scholars meditate works on the subject. We have been induced, therefore, to make some observations on the flagrant errors committed by the combatants on both sides: all, indeed, arising from the same source—an attempt to settle the question by external evidence, of which there is not a sufficiency for its determination. We think, however, that internal evidence, far the most accurate test, may be found, of sufficient strength to set the controversy at rest; but to which side the scale will preponderate, we, as is the duty of honest critics in a matter not yet thoroughly investigated, refuse to deliver our judicial opinions.

#### SELECT LIBRARY.—Vol. VI.

*Lives of Eminent Missionaries.* By John Carne, Esq., author of 'Letters from the East.' London: Fisher & Co.

THE printing of this work is not yet completed; but, two hundred pages having been kindly sent to us, we are happy in being able to report on them, as giving promise of an interesting volume. They contain the Life of John Eliot, the early Missionary among the American Indians; an Account of the Mission to Tranquebar; and, the Life of Swartz. The zeal and labours of the latter have been so often referred to of late years, that we intend to confine our extracts to the Life of Eliot, a man of extraordinary zeal, and more than ordinary good sense, who early arrived at the sound conclusion, that people must be first civilized, before they can be christianized;—whose preaching went hand-in-hand with social instruction; and who not only expounded doctrines, but taught the wild hunters of the forest to plant, to reap, and to build. Of the early life of Eliot little is known: he was educated at Cambridge—was a non-conformist, and early in life, in 1631, embarked for America, where he passed many years in the quiet exercise of the ministry; but during this time, he was preparing himself for his mission, diligently studying the language of the Indians—no light labour, from the little affinity it bore to European tongues. The enormous length of some of the words, says Mather, "was enough to make one stand aghast; for the simple words, 'our question,' was expressed by an Indian word of forty-three letters; and 'our loves,' by one of thirty-two;" quaintly adding, "the words looked as if they had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel."

Eliot, however, did not permit this ulterior object to interfere with his present duties; and Mr. Carne gives a very pleasant sketch of the simple-hearted goodness of the man, during this period:—

"He rose with the break of day, and he had need to do so: these were the only hours he could allow for his beloved study. After his simple meal of vegetables was over, the cares of his people came thickly upon him. \* \* \* He was their only teacher in the wilderness. \* \* \* There was another, and a silver cord, by which he drew the affections of his people to him—charity: as pure and lasting as was ever exercised by any man. 'How often,' says his biographer and friend, 'with what ardour, what arguments, he became a beggar to others, for them that were in sorrow.' The poor of his people, and they were many, for disasters often came on the colony, seldom failed to repair to his home with the tales of their distress. A

hindrance, however, like the interpreter in the Pilgrim's Progress, stood between them and success, and this was Mrs. Eliot, who would look keenly and coolly on the petitioners, and sift the tares from the wheat, and even then deal out the dole with a prudent hand, while she suffered little ingress to her husband's study.

"This good lady had great skill in physic and surgery, and hundreds of sick, and weak, and maimed, owed praises to her; while her husband would often stand by, and urge her to do the most good to the worst enemies he had in the world. \* \* \* It was a joy to the poor, when they spied him coming across the fields, or through the forests, to their lonely homes; for they knew that his charity had little prudence in it. Dr. Dwight says, that one day, the parish treasurer having paid him his salary, put it into a handkerchief, and tied it into as many hard knots as he could make, to prevent him from giving it away before he reached his own house. On his way, he called on a poor family, and told them that he had brought them some relief. He then began to untie the knots; but finding it a work of great difficulty, gave the handkerchief to the mistress of the house, saying, 'Here, my friend, take it; I believe heaven designs it all for you.' Such a man had need of an excellent manager at home."

The account of Eliot's first preaching to the Indians is well told:—

"On the 28th of October, 1646, he set out from his home, in company with three friends, to the nearest Indian settlement: he had previously sent to give this tribe notice of his coming, and a very large number was collected from all quarters. If the savages expected the coming of their guest, of whose name they had often heard, to be like that of a warrior or sachem, they were greatly deceived. They saw Eliot on foot, drawing near, with his companions; his translation of the scriptures, like a calumet of peace and love, in his hand. He was met by their chief, Wabnon, who conducted him to a large wigwam. After a short rest, Eliot went into the open air, and standing on a grassy mound, while the people formed around him in all the stillness of strong surprise and curiosity, he prayed in the English tongue, as if he could not address heaven in a language both strange and new. And then he preached for an hour in their own tongue, and gave a clear and simple account of the religion of Christ, of his character and life, of the blessed state of those who believed in him. Of what avail would it have been to set before this listening people the terrors of the Almighty, and the doom of the guilty? This wise man knew, by long experience as a minister, that the heart loves better to be persuaded than terrified—to be melted than alarmed. The whole career of the Indian's life tended to freeze up the finer and softer feelings, and make the more dark and painful passions familiar to him. \* \* \*

"A few of the chiefs' friends alone remained, after the people were retired. One of the Christians perceived an Indian, who was hanging down his head, weeping; the former went to him, and spoke encouraging words, after which he turned his face to the wall, and wept yet more abundantly: soon after, he rose and went out. 'When they told me of his tears,' said Eliot, 'we resolved to go forth, and follow him into the wood, and speak to him. The proud Indian's spirit was quite broken: at last we parted, greatly rejoicing for such sorrowing. \* \* \*

"Two or three days after these impressions had been made, Eliot saw that they were likely to be attended with permanent consequences. Wampus, an intelligent Indian, came with two of his companions to the English, and desired to be admitted into their families. He brought his son, and several other children with him, and begged that they might be educated in the

Christian faith: the example quickly spread, and all the Indians who were present at the fourth meeting, on the 9th of December offered their children to be instructed."

Eliot now lost no time in applying to the General Court of the colony, and the Indians received a grant, on which to build a town:—

"The progress of civilization which followed, was remarkable for its extent and rapidity: the women were taught to spin, and they soon found something to send to the nearest markets all the year round: in winter they sold staves, baskets, and poultry; in spring and summer, fish, grapes, strawberries, &c.

"In the meanwhile, he instructed the men in husbandry, and the more simple mechanical arts: in hay-time and harvest, he went forth into the fields with them. All this was not done in a day, for they were neither so industrious nor so capable of hard labour as those who had been accustomed to it from early life. \* \* \*

"I set them," says Eliot, "therefore, to fell and square timber. When it was ready, I went, and many of them with me, and on their shoulders carried all the timber together. There is a great river which divideth between their planting ground and dwelling place; therefore, I thought it necessary that we should make a foot bridge over, against such time in the spring as we shall have daily use of it. I told them my purpose and reason of it. With their own hands did they build a bridge eighty feet long, and nine high in the midst, that it might stand above the floods: and inasmuch as it hath been hard and tedious labour in the water, I said, if any of them desired wages, I would give them. They answered me, they were thankful I had called them to such a work, and desired no wages." This commencement soon after led to the raising a town, of the name of Naticke, in this very spot. His earnest efforts for the thorough settlement of the Indians were at last successful. He caused them to plant apple and other trees, and 'divers orchards.' A chapel and a school-house also were raised. The town consisted of three fair streets, two of which stretched along one side of Charles river, and the other along the opposite shore. The houses, some of which were built in the English style, evinced no small ingenuity in the construction. One of them, larger than the others, was used as a deposit for the skins, furs, and other articles for sale or barter by the Indians. A fort was also at this time finished: it was of a circular form, and palisaded with trees, and covered about a quarter of an acre of ground. Perhaps he foresaw the war, occasioned a few years afterwards by Philip, the celebrated Indian warrior." ‡

For the remainder of a long life, Eliot pursued his labours with equal diligence, but varying fortune—failing sometimes from the opposition, sometimes from the indifference of others, and occasionally, it must be admitted, from his own visionary folly, as when he determined to instruct some of the young savages in classical literature. In 1674, when the great war with the Indian Chief Philip broke out, no less than twelve prosperous towns had been established. In the hope of averting the coming misery, Eliot sought an interview with Philip; but the native warrior had set his fortune on the die, and resolved to abide the chance; desolation was let loose upon the country. Eliot, however, lived to see his people again gathering together, though in small numbers—

"But the time came that his wife died, and the loss found him all unprepared for it; they

‡ For a very interesting account of this celebrated man, see *Athenæum*, No. 298.

had lived so long together, that the idea of separation seemed not to have entered their minds;—the mother of his children, the companion of threescore years, was laid in the grave by his hand. And when he stood beside her place of rest, 'I heard and saw her aged husband, who else very rarely wept,' writes Mather, 'yet now with a flood of tears, before a large concourse of people, say, over the coffin, 'Here lies my dear, prudent, faithful wife; I shall go to her, but she cannot return to me.' He spoke not of hope or comfort—what had he to do with them—for he must soon be called also. And now he prepared to depart. \* \* \* He was still able to ascend the hill on which stood the church, and not long after he delivered his last discourse there; this was four years before his death. Even now, at the age of eighty-two, he persisted in going forth, as far as he was able, to visit his loved settlements; for such was the excellence of his constitution, that his frame was not yet bowed, and his eye was still bright: earth had nothing so welcome to him as to mingle yet a while with his Indians, sit in their assemblies, and listen, when he could speak to them no longer; and the groves, the fields, the isles, that his foot had known so long, were they not dear to him as ever, though his head was white with nearly a hundred years, and his hand shook at last like an infant's? The Indians saw, as they expressed it, that their father was going home. \* \* \*

"The infirmities of old age now came fast upon him. When he could no longer leave his dwelling, the ruling passion was strong to the last: he caused a young Indian, in his primitive ignorance and darkness, to dwell with him, and, as life ebbed away, he occupied himself in teaching him passages from the scripture, with as much ardour and diligence as if a chief of the desert was before him."

We shall return to this volume, as soon as it is published.

*The Complete Angler.* With Notes by Sir Harris Nicolas, and illustrations by Stothard and Inskipp. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Pickering.

There is so much nature, science, and learning about Isaac Walton, as to have secured for him the love of all classes; and the present truly splendid edition of the *Complete Angler*, will, we think, make him still more widely known. This work was heretofore illustrated, as we had imagined, to perfection—and we are still of opinion, that some of old Wale's designs have never been equalled in natural grace and simplicity. Major's edition was most beautiful—but this must, we suppose, be received as the crowning jewel—it is said, that three thousand pounds have been already expended on the work. The domestic scenes have fallen to the pencil of Stothard, and the fish to the pencil of Inskipp, and both have acquitted themselves worthily—some designs of the former are exquisitely happy, and the chub of the latter are as natural as nature itself.

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. V. Paris, Ladvocat.

[Second Notice.]

We present our readers this week with a translation of the paper entitled the 'Compositor,' by Bert, formerly editor of the *Journal du Commerce*, and the bold champion of liberty and constitutional rights. Bert was one of those who signed the famous protest of the journalists against the royal ordinances of July 1830.

#### The Compositor.

"Let not the compositor be confounded with the printer or press-man. These two agents of a most marvellous art are separated by an immense interval in typographical importance. The one presides over the first transformation which speech undergoes—the other only directs the machine, which repeats it in a thousand echoes. Mechanism already begins to deprive the latter of his occupation; without his assistance the ink is now spread over the types, without his aid the paper is placed upon the form, slid under the press, and given forth, by the mute instrument, with the stamp of thought and the voice of genius. Thus the press-man finds his department invaded by a workman more laborious than himself, and not, like him, subject to hunger, fatigue and sleep.

"The compositor is beyond such competition; he may defy the power of matter to supply the place of his intellectual activity. There can exist no subtle combination of springs and wheels to enable the fingers of an automaton to seize the characters which correspond with the written word, and arrange them in the composing-stick; for to do this, the automaton must be able to read. See the compositor in action, his eyes fixed upon the manuscript, and scarcely paying attention to the motion of his fingers—and you readily infer, from the intelligence of his look, and the expression of his countenance, that in him the mind alone is at work, whilst his right hand, which goes from the case to the composing-stick and back again to the case, seems but to follow the poise of his body. To read well is a very important part of the compositor's duties, and is the more difficult, because the literati and men of science who intrust their works to him, neglect, for the most part, to write legibly. I speak not here of those who leave to him the care of punctuation, sometimes even that of correcting their violations of grammar and orthography. What services does he not render to ungrateful authors, who repay them in calumny, and impose upon him in their errata the responsibility of their own blunders, which they term typographical errors, or negligence of the corrector? If his vanity had likewise the resource of errata, how many correct sentences might he not claim, substituted in the proof for the original solecism?

"It may readily be imagined that the compositor must come to his first apprenticeship in typography, with a mind stored with all the elementary knowledge necessary for any literary profession. He must be grammatically acquainted with his own language, and, according to the kind of work he has to do, must be conversant with at least the nomenclature of the science treated of in the manuscript before him. More than one compositor, it is true, has learned whilst composing, as more than one author has done whilst writing. A printing-office is a school of universal knowledge; it was there Beranger felt his first throb of poetic inspiration, and he learned orthography in the exercise of a calling which was also the first occupation of Franklin. But in return for a few illustrious reputations, how much merit has remained unnoticed! Who knows how many men of talent and learning attain to obscure old age under the workman's jacket? Old age! I am mistaken. The life of a compositor is soon worn out by fatigue, night labour, and impatience at his uncertain and indefinite condition. What, in fact, is his social rank? To what class does he belong? Is he an artisan or a clerk—one of the people, or a member of the upper classes? He feels himself out of place wherever he may be. The book of civilized society, so methodical in its scientific divisions, has forgotten him in its table of contents. He is a workman, for he lives upon wages, and is hired by a master. One of the people by his origin, his connexions and habits of life, he is



brought very near the higher classes by his attainments and his co-operation in producing works of intellect. Few roads to fortune are open to him, and if ever he raise himself to distinction, it is by paths not yet trodden. You would sooner see him turn author, soldier, or statesman, than become a master printer. He can never be an Elzevir, a Stephens, or a Didot. To found a printing-office requires either capital or credit; and the compositor is without patrimony, or the means of growing rich; nor is he able to borrow. He is not one who can speculate upon the dower of his wife—if he take one; and as for his *bank*, consisting of his weekly wages, he seldom sees it increase under the influence of thrift, or the power of compound interest. The most able compositor does not gain, at Paris, more than six francs a day; and if you want to calculate his yearly income, do not by any means multiply 365 by 6—for every day is not paid as a working-day. You must deduct, if you please, the days of rest forced and voluntary. And then, we men of letters, and men of typography, know not how to hoard: we live on, heedless of the future, and careless of money matters, following the variations of our temperament, whether they impel us to hard work or to the luxury of idleness; not that slothful idleness which kills time by consumption—but that ardent and energetic idleness which devours it; not that silly, loitering idleness which plays at dominoes, drinks beer, walks upon the quays and boulevards, increases the number in mobs, and runs away at the sight of the police—but that idleness belonging to ardent imaginations, kind hearts, and manly propensities, which delights in billiards, in the *estaminet*, in jovial meetings and in midnight revels.

"If the compositor places little in the saving bank, he never fails in his subscription to the fund for mutual assistance. Above all, he is a good companion, and a faithful observer of the regulations of the masonic or other society of which he may be a member; he contributes his share of songs, for he is a song writer of the school of Beranger, whose works he knows by heart and sings with feeling. He almost equals his master in richness of rhyme, patriotism, and philosophy, but is distinguished from him by a touch of *carbonari*-ism. Take notice, that, during the restoration, he conspired, as we conspire in France, in a loud voice and in full chorus.

"The spirit of association and confraternity supplies the place, with the compositor and the press-man, of that vulgar and provident care which is often nothing more than the virtue of egotism. The society for mutual assistance is his security against want; it possesses a common fund, formed and kept up by periodical subscriptions. Any member deprived of his resources by an unforeseen misfortune, or the want of work, receives a daily sum sufficient to guard him against the attacks of indigence, though not to maintain him in idleness. In sickness he is in want of nothing; he has the attendance of the physician to the society, receives medicines from the dispensary of the institution, and is cheered by the consolation of his brethren. His widow and children are not left without support, nor his remains deposited in the tomb without due honours. A committee directs the ceremony of his modest funeral—a deputation from the society joins his attendant friends—a brother, in a brief oration utters the last adieu, and eulogizes the good qualities of the deceased.

"Sunday is the day on which general meetings are held, to regulate the affairs of the society. The compositor on a Sunday seems quite a different man from the compositor during the week. He has quitted the workman's jacket, for the elegant frock, which he wears with graceful ease, and sports the gold chain *en sainteur* over his velvet waistcoat. His step is com-

posed, and his countenance indicative of thought. He is about to make an important speech, move or criticize a measure; and a small dose of oratorical vanity is mingled with his zeal for the general good. His speech, whether read, recited from memory, or extemporized, is grave, elegant, and florid; nothing in it savours even of the familiarity of common language, much less of the slang of the printing-office. The meeting is not always unanimous; it contains divisions and parties, but without coteries or intrigue. Its finances form the principal subject of debate; but the accounts are not subjected to very severe regulations; the whole security consists in the integrity of the accounts and the confidence of their constituents. The society has never once had occasion to take measures against a breach of such confidence.

"When the business is over, the meeting is dissolved; friends and intimates then approach each other, and groups are formed; invitations to breakfast are given, appointments made for the evening and the rest of the day devoted to pleasure.

"Such are the general outlines of a compositor's life; but in this calling, as in every other, there are exceptions and individualities. I could name the man who reads his manuscript without understanding it, without seizing the idea expressed by the characters which his fingers have assembled, like the tapestry workmen at the Gobelins, who does not see the masterpiece he is producing. I could indicate another whom I could vouch for as prudent, economical and of regular habits—he is upwards of thirty, and has a wife and children; he is preparing to become a corrector and foreman.

"Let us separately consider the compositor attached to a daily journal; he must of necessity be assiduous at his work; for him there is no Sunday—no Monday nor Thursday—no relaxation, except perhaps the four or five days in the year, which the editor devotes to his own profit at the expense of the subscribers. If the newspaper compositor has more labour, he has also greater indemnities: he shares certain privileges with the editor, knows the news a day before the public; the managers of theatres, fêtes and concerts flatter and caress him, because he has it in his power to shorten or lengthen the space kept at the end of the journal for notices. Nothing new escapes him; politics, literature, and art, have no mysteries for him.

"Thus the compositor is a stranger to nothing in the intellectual world. It may be said, that every idea passes through his mind; he takes and elaborates it in his turn, clothes it in new words, and then circulates it among that portion of the community who read badly, or do not read at all. Placed as a truckman and messenger between the lettered and the ignorant, the compositor was, during fifteen years, the instructor of the people. If philosophers and orators prepared the revolution, the agents of the press hastened its accomplishment. They sowed its seeds and made them spring up among the uncultivated masses; and when the crop was ripe, they first gave the signal and began the harvest. The government fancied, in its blindness, that the people did not understand the theories of the publicists. 'Charter, right of suffrage, liberty of the press! Words void of sense! What cared the people about article fourteen? Was the workman an elector or an author? What were to him the quarrels which agitated the upper surface of society?' Thus spoke rash ministers; and when they heard the cry of *Vive la charte!* vociferated by forty thousand workmen—when they beheld banners, inscribed with the motto *Liberty of the press!* born along by naked arms, they scarcely believed the evidence of their senses—but they did not distinguish in the ranks, at the head of these intrepid citizens,

certain individuals, wearing the same habiliments, and speaking the same language. They saw not those men with pale faces, blackened hands and fiery eyes, who had come from the printing-office, and moulded to a sense of freedom, a population reputed ignorant, and a slave to its physical wants. 'What do they require? Give them bread and let them disperse.' But they already knew, that to have the certainty of obtaining bread, they must enjoy freedom. For the man of the printing-office, freedom was bread itself; and the censorship, poverty and death. If the effect of servitude acted less immediately upon others, it was not less certain. This is what the man of the press taught verbally; for he had himself learned it from books, and by communication with enlightened men. Thus is knowledge propagated, and, by intelligent reflectors, penetrates into the darkest corners of human society.

"The artisan of the printing office is the representative of manual labour in its most noble form, and when it approaches nearest to the functions of thought. It is his lot at all times to stipulate for the interests and rights of the laborious part of the population. When the day arrives on which the operatives in common shall claim a more equitable distribution of the fruits of industry, the compositor will be spokesman on the occasion."

#### *Iolande, a Tale of the Duchy of Luxembourg; and other Poems.* London: Cadell.

WE like the border sound of some of the verses of this little book: the border is the northern Parnassus: there song has never been silent—it descends, like an inheritance, from father to son: no sooner has one bard laid aside the harp than another takes it up, and the voice of inspiration is continued. The author of 'Iolande' cannot take a high place amongst the minstrels; yet he has written some pleasing things—deficient, perhaps, in fire, and that hurried vehemence of diction, which has of late distinguished the poetry of the border; but abounding, nevertheless, in sweet, and graceful, and tender passages. The following explains itself—tales of true love are understood by all:—

Within the Vale of Vianden lay  
A fair green space, and wildly gay,  
Where Nature had her charms combined,  
Where grove, and stream, and valley join'd,  
Where glen, and rock, and mountain high  
Were bent in strangest harmony.  
The meekest spot when flow'ry May  
With blossom deck'd the hawthorn spray;  
When Spring her brighter tint renew'd,  
And Earth her greener mantle strew'd;  
Where 'neath the moonbeam's silver light,  
The elin king and queen,  
And many a laughing mountain sprite,  
Within the forest shewn  
Might oft their midnight revels hold,  
And trace the ring, as wout of old.  
Here oft, when Evening spread her veil,  
Fair Iolande and Conrad met;  
While nought was heard along the dale  
Save the river's ceaseless fret,  
While winding amid rock and bush,  
The current onward sped,  
And, foaming, broke with noisy gush  
Along its channel'd bed.  
An oak the rugged cliff o'erhung,  
And wild-flowers to each crevice clung,  
The prickly gorse, the yellow broom  
Now freshly bursting into bloom,  
Did o'er the streamlet wildly wave,  
And charms to savage grandeur gave.  
Here oft in play would Conrad strain  
For Iolande each flower to gain,  
And sigh the tale that maiden's ear  
Delights from lover's lips to hear:—  
Thus days flow'd on of love and joy,  
As though young life had no alloy.  
But where is he whose life is spun  
In Time's untroubled course to run?  
Though woman's heart may thus be blest,  
Man's warmer spirit brooks not rest;  
Her office is with lightsome play  
To chase each graver care away:

But man must hold a wider course,  
Nor yield to woman's gentle force,  
And time and chance will often bring  
Slight causes whence results may spring  
Of deeper charge. 'Twas thus with him:  
He fill'd Love's goblet to the brim—  
The cup was broken ere he quaff'd  
Its deep intoxicating draught.

There are many passages of equal, perhaps superior merit.

We like the poem called the 'Castle of Landeck;' the language is free and unconstrained; and there are some fine pictures of a domestic kind. 'Piers Cockburn' is the least to our taste of anything in the volume: it has a little of the martial spirit of the old ballad about it, but is deficient in that rude energy which characterizes the olden minstrels.

*On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures.* By Charles Babbage, Esq., A.M. London: Knight.

The receipt of this work, in its present readable size, has been to us an unminged gratification. It is one we anxiously desire to see circulated, and we hope that the price of six shillings will secure for it a sale of ten or twenty thousand copies. We have not now to review it; "the substance of a considerable portion of it," says Mr. Babbage himself, "appeared among the preliminary chapters of the mechanical part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*." It is, in fact, the same work—under another form, and with additions—which was noticed a short time since at great length in this paper; and it only remains for us now to recommend it, once more, strongly to our readers. One subject, however, is touched by Mr. Babbage, on which we had an article actually prepared: but we had rather put a man of his weight and influence forward on this occasion, and shall, therefore, allow him to state the grievance—we allude to the combination existing among the Publishers. Not to involve the question with minute calculations, it may be stated generally, that the retail profit allowed by the publisher to the bookseller, is twenty-five per cent.

"Until very lately, a multitude of booksellers in all parts of London, were willing to be satisfied with a much smaller profit, and to sell, for ready money, or at short credit to persons of undoubted character, at a profit of only ten per cent., and in some instances even at a still smaller percentage, instead of that of twenty-five per cent. on the published prices. \* \* \*

"Now, a certain number of the London booksellers, have combined together. One of their objects is to prevent any bookseller from selling a book at less than ten per cent. under the published price; and in order to enforce this principle, they refuse to sell books, except at the publishing price, to any bookseller who declines signing their agreement. By degrees, many were prevailed upon to join this combination; and the effect of the exclusion it inflicted, left the small capitalist no option between signing or having his business destroyed. Ultimately, nearly the whole trade, comprising about two thousand four hundred persons, have signed the agreement. \* \* \*

"In whatever manner the profits are divided between the publisher and the retail bookseller, the fact remains, that the reader has paid for the volume in his hands 6s., and that the author will receive only 3s. 10d.; out of which latter sum, the expense of printing the volume must be paid; so that in passing through two hands

this book has produced a profit of forty-four per cent. This excessive rate of profit has drawn into the book trade a larger share of capital than was really advantageous; and the competition between the different portions of that capital has naturally led to the system of underselling, to which the committee above-mentioned are endeavouring to put a stop.

"There are two parties who chiefly suffer from this combination,—the public and authors. \* \* \*

"Many an industrious bookseller would be glad to sell for 5s. the volume which the reader holds in his hand, and for which he has paid 6s.; and, in doing so for ready money, the tradesman who paid 4s. 6d. for the book, would realize, without the least risk, a profit of eleven per cent. on the money he had advanced. It is one of the objects of the combination we are discussing, to prevent the small capitalist from employing his capital at that rate of profit which he thinks most advantageous to himself; and such a proceeding is decidedly injurious to the public."

Surely, this strange proceeding cannot be justified; we doubt if it can be legally defended. Twenty-five per cent., though but a reasonable profit to a bookseller paying heavy rent and oppressive taxes, and giving two or three years' credit, is excessive when charged by a man living in some obscure court and receiving ready money; at any rate, a bookseller, who is a mere agent between the public and the publisher, is the best judge of his remunerating profit. The effect of the combination is cruelly oppressive on the small capitalist and industrious tradesman, and injurious to the public; and we confidently hope that many respectable men, who have become subscribing parties to the agreement, will immediately reconsider the subject.

Mr. Babbage sketches a plan of a campaign against Paternoster Row: it is, we fear, not a little visionary; but there is one important fact incidentally stated, which has often been urged in this paper, and we are glad to have his authority to justify our assertions.

"It will be fit to inform the reader of the nature of the enemy's forces, and of his means of attack and defence. Several of the great publishers find it convenient to be the proprietors of *Reviews*, *Magazines*, *Journals*, and even of *Newspapers*. The Editors are paid, in some instances very handsomely, for their superintendence; and it is scarcely to be expected that they should always mete out the severest justice on works by the sale of which their employers are enriched. The great and popular works of the day are, of course, reviewed with some care, and with deference to public opinion. Without this, the journals would not sell; and it is convenient to be able to quote such articles as instances of impartiality. Under shelter of this, a host of ephemeral productions are written into a transitory popularity; and by the aid of this process, the shelves of the booksellers, as well as the pockets of the public, are disencumbered. To such an extent are these means employed that some of the periodical publications of the day ought to be regarded merely as advertising machines. That the reader may be in some measure on his guard against such modes of influencing his judgment, he should examine whether the work reviewed is published by the bookseller who is the proprietor of the review; a fact which can sometimes be ascertained from the title of the book as given at the head of the article. But this is by no means a certain criterion, because partnerships in various publications exist between houses in the book trade, which are not generally known to the public; so, that in fact, until *Reviews* are

established in which booksellers have no interest, they can never be safely trusted."

The operation of the system in detail we have often exposed; but, as a proof that old experience can speak with the voice of prophecy, we venture to prognosticate that twenty out of the twenty-four reviewing columns in Colburn and Longman's *Literary Gazette*, will to-morrow be filled with Colburn and Longman's books. Does the reader ask why to-morrow? Because it is "serviceable Saturday"! The orders, they know, will be hurried back from the country to be in time for the monthly parcels, and before an independent critic can offer an opinion.

It was to put an end to this system, so ably and honestly exposed by Mr. Babbage, that the *Athenæum* was established. Such an undertaking was certain of finding a fierce and resolute opposition; it was opposed to all trading influences, and our success has been little short of a miracle. We persevered, however, against all difficulties, and we think Mr. Babbage ought, upon this occasion, to have borne testimony to our humble exertions.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. No. VII.  
*British India*. Vol. II. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

THIS is the second volume of the work which we so lately recommended to our readers' particular attention. The History of India is concluded about the middle of this volume, and the remaining chapters treat of the social and political condition of India; the history of mythology, manners, and literature of the Hindoos; the British Government of India; the British social system in India, a very interesting chapter; and the industry and commerce of that country. The whole is written and compiled with the care which has ever marked the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' and we are glad to see that the liberality of the publishers, and zeal and diligence of the editor, are not without their reward, and that a second edition of every volume of this work is almost a certainty. We have them of 'Egypt,' and 'Africa;' a third of the 'Palestine;' and, we hear, that the 'Polar Seas' is fast advancing towards a fourth.

SERMONS. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B.D. 8vo. London: Bull; Rivingtons.

A plain, sensible volume—the sermons good, as addressed to a congregation, and excellent for home meditation—earnest in their sincerity, and full of doctrinal authorities. There are twenty-four sermons—those entitled 'Death, the Wages of Sin'—'Forgiving Enemies'—'The Rich Man and Lazarus'—and 'On Evil Speaking,' are most to our liking. We shall glean one ear from the harvest, in the hope that the good seed, though scattered in the highways, may not perish:—

"We are not to imagine, because a man may be depraved, be it in whatever degree, that we are thereby justified in calumniating him. Our detestation of his vices arms us with no judicial authority to condemn him. It is not for sinners to judge sinners. Where can be the moral equity in transgressors pronouncing sentence against the transgressing? I do not, of course, apply this argument to a condemnation of crimes cognizable by human laws, since here is a delegated authority to judge—an authority acknowledged by all civilized societies, and sanctioned by God himself;—I refer only to moral judgments.



And who, among the lapsed posterity of Adam, shall arrogate to himself a fitness of condition to throw the first stone, for "who can say I have made my heart clean, and am pure from my sin"? "Who art thou," asks the Apostle, "that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." And we should do well to bear in mind, that he whom we condemn may be an object of divine mercy, even although to us he appear past hope; and can we think that there is no sin in judging whom God shall accept? "Therefore art thou inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

*Observations on Impediments in Speech.* By Joseph Poett, sen. London, Higley.

IN this pamphlet, after some general observations on the subject of impediments of speech, mention is made of many cases successfully treated by the author. As these are attested by highly respectable persons, and as the observations which precede them, prove that Mr. Poett has scientifically considered the subject, we willingly recommend his little pamphlet to the consideration of all who are interested in the subject on which it treats.

*Lectures Latine.* By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. London, Wilson.

THIS is an attempted improvement of the Hamiltonian system, and is not particularly successful. The selections are, however, made with taste, and the translations in general merit the praise of accuracy.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

After witnessing his Play of 'The Hunchback.'

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

SWEET to lone traveller on his far-bound way,  
The song of bird, green field, and eventide;  
And sweet for sacred freedom, side by side,  
To heroic youth, battling 'gainst slavery's sway;  
To patriot truth snatching their ill-won prey—  
A country's rights—from kings', lords', priests'  
bad pride,  
'Mid deepening clouds and storms the helm to  
guide,  
Of her lost peace—to hail some brighter day.  
Yet sweeter, in her dark hour, 'tis to know,  
Spirits like thine yet guard her moral weal,  
'To social truth and beauty holding high  
Nature's own mirror, till the passions flow  
In calm pure currents, and you bid us feel  
How England's daughters love—how Rome's  
could die.

THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS, INCLUDING THE  
OPINIONS, MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL, OF  
DICKY O'BRADY, ESQ.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.]

Which way I turn is hell; myself am hell,—Milton.  
I am not in the roll of common men,—Shakspeare.

I was born in the year 1770. I drew my first breath in that division of the metropolis of England distinguished by the name of *St. Giles's*. The name of my mother was *Martha O'Brady*. She was descended of the family of that name, who had for many years exercised the trade of potato-dealers in the purlieus of *Seven Dials*. She was endowed with a capacious understanding, and had never married. I have no distinct notion who

† It must be evident to our readers that, in style and manner, as well as in his mode of thinking, Mr. O'Brady is an imitator of one of our most popular Novelists.—ED.

was my father. Perhaps, in the extreme and philosophical sense of the words, this may be said to be a point of knowledge unattainable by human powers; but I am even destitute of those rational and received grounds of inference and decision, by which, according to the present scheme of human society, I should be justified in appropriating the male parental title to any one given individual. My mother entertained an unbounded veneration for truth. She early endeavoured to instil into my mind a similar sentiment. To have spoken with any degree of positiveness as to the paternal author of my being, would have been, to a certain extent, to counteract the effect of her lessons. She was eminently cautious upon this point.

Nature seems to have implanted in the human mind the principles of a laudable curiosity. I had now attained the age of five years and four months. I suddenly became anxious (to repeat my own artless phrase) "to know who was my daddy." I was, what is usually termed, a "cute child." By a sort of sagacious instinct, or rather, instinctive sagacity, I was impelled to submit this inquiry to my maternal parent. The first time this inquiry intruded upon her auricular faculty, she received it with a look of mingled astonishment and impatience. She turned hastily from me and exclaimed, "Oysters." This exclamation, as will hereafter be explained, was not utterly destitute of motive. I was still unsatisfied. At intervals I continued to propose to her the same paralyzing and unwelcome question, with a pertinacity beyond my years, and with a precision in its construction and utterance, calculated to render any degree of dexterity in the arts of subterfuge utterly useless.

The human mind, in its excursions in search of truth, must be either satisfied or subdued. To satisfy mine on the important topic which now fully occupied it, my mother knew was impossible. She therefore had recourse to the arbitrary and unjust expedient of silencing its importunities by the interposition of a major power in the form of a bamboo cane. In addition to the physical suffering that resulted to me from this proceeding, I felt it to be unwise. It was unargumentative. It was illogical. Nothing strictly intellectual could be deduced from it. It was singularly calculated to set at nought the sublime faculty of disputation. It must be admitted, however, that it was wonderfully adapted to produce the effect my mother desired. I never more employed my eloquence upon that particular topic. It taught me "to hold my cursed little clack." Such, as I perfectly well remember, was my mother's expression. It may seem useless to record so apparent a trifle, but it produced upon my mind an impression never to be effaced; and must be considered as possessing a certain degree of influence over the whole of my future life.

My mother had long been afflicted with a variety of maladies, which now threatened to bring her terrestrial existence to a close. At the period of which I am now speaking I was twelve years of age. It was about seven o'clock on one of the finest July evenings that had ever dimpled with smiles the cheek of Heaven, since that remote period of time when this terrestrial ball was first acknowledged a member of the solar system, and destined to perform a certain course along with its sister planets. I was playing at the

game called dumps, on the pavement of the court in which our humble habitation was situated. This game I particularly loved. There was something in the dull and heavy fall of the dump, and its immobility when once it had fallen, exquisitely in harmony with the prevailing tone of my feelings. Perhaps it was from an opposite cause that I eminently disliked marbles. Let a marble, a taw for instance, fall from your grasp. It strikes the pavement. It rebounds. It repeats this phenomenon a certain number of times, each succeeding time with a diminished force. Even after this rebounding power is utterly exhausted, the restless and unsteady taw rolls along the ground, and a considerable portion of time must elapse, before it can acquire sufficient self-command to enable it to remain steady and immobile. The distinctive principles which characterize these games must be evident. If I were invited to pronounce upon the future destiny of two youths, one of whom should exhibit a love of dumps, whilst the other betrayed a fondness for marbles, I should augur, that the patron of marbles *might* become a poet, but that it was infallibly in the destiny of the dumpist to become a philosopher. "Doleful dumps," as Shakspeare hath it, were the favourite recreation of my soul.

On this particular occasion my adversary in the game was *William White*. Why, even at this late period of my human existence, does my blood boil and my flesh tingle; why do my bones rattle and my arteries quiver, while I blacken this innocent and unoffending paper with the accursed and ever-hated name of *William White*? I have already said that on this particular occasion he was my adversary in the game. I was at the point of winning seven dumps at a cast, when I was suddenly summoned to my mother's bedside. *Billy* (for such was his familiar appellation), with infernal readiness, took advantage of this event, and obstinately refused to pay them. How deeply did this circumstance affect me. It opened to my sight the vast volume of human depravity and baseness. As if by inspiration, I became acquainted with the substance of whole pages at a glance. The principles of virtue within me were poisoned at their spring-head.

I proceeded to the bed-chamber of my mother. It was on a fourth floor. This room was distinguished from all the others in the same edifice by the name of the front garret. It was eminently small and inconvenient. Its decorations, nay, its very conveniences were few, and of the simplest construction. It was even destitute of that article of furniture which, from the use to which it is appropriated, has derived the appellation of a *wardrobe*. This circumstance, in conjunction with another which it is needless to explain, reduced us to the expedient of disposing of the whole of our property in wearing apparel, about our persons. The walls of this chamber were ornamented with a few torn prints representing the cardinal virtues, together with portraits of Nancy Dawson, Turpin the highwayman, and other public characters. These my mother took equal delight in contemplating. But the master works of Raphael, the sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo, were not there to be seen. In vain these are sought for in the humble dwellings of the poor! The rich, the haughty, the high-born, and the noble, who

arrogate to themselves the other luxuries and conveniences of life, withhold even these from their poorer and meaner fellow-worms!

The chamber I have described possessed but one window. This window commanded a view of the roofs of the houses on the opposite side of the court. These roofs, or rooves, were so much higher than this window, that from it, a delightful and soul-invigorating prospect of the fertile eminences of Highgate and Hampstead could *not* be seen. On opening the window, and stretching the body a little forward, the whole of the court in which we resided might be traced, with its wooden pump at the interior extremity, and its outlet into the street at the other. This window was latticed. It had formerly been composed entirely of glass; but the ravages of time, together with some accidental circumstances, had removed much of this material, and rendered the substitution of a brownish paper, of more than ordinary substance, necessary. The light of the heavens was thus but imperfectly admitted, and a consequent gloom pervaded the whole apartment. This gloom harmonized to an astonishing degree with the tone of my feelings; for the recollection of the perfidy of *White* still corroded my heart.

There are periods in our human existence when the corporal functions are unresistingly at the command of the mental powers; or, to express myself more accurately, when the motions of the body submit instantly to the impulse of any given state of feeling. On entering my mother's bed-chamber, I should, under ordinary circumstances, have instinctively approached her. On this occasion my steps directed themselves towards the casement. With an involuntary movement I opened it. Unconsciously I placed myself in such a position as to command an uninterrupted view of the court below. This, as I have already said, was easily practicable. I carefully examined it with my eye from one end to the other, commencing at the extremity nearest to the street. *Billy White*, the unfaithful sharer in my boyish gambols, was no longer there. One involuntary tear started into each of my eyes. I withdrew my head. The nature of the blackest fiends of hell seemed to take possession of my bosom. I approached the bedside of my mother.

She appeared to be in a state of repose, or rather of stupefaction. On a three-legged stool at the bedside, stood a small bottle of medicine almost full, and a large leaden measure, (strongly indicating by its odour that it had lately contained a quantity of the only luxury in which she ever indulged), quite empty. These circumstances forced my young, yet not unintelligent mind, to adopt one of the only two conclusions I could devise; namely: either that she had *not* taken enough of the one, or that she *had* taken considerably too much of the other.

Mrs. O'Raffarty, our landlady, was in the room. She was forty-seven years of age. She was, as it is commonly expressed, blind of one eye. That one which remained applicable to the purposes of vision, was of a light grey colour. It was eminently quick and piercing. On this occasion she darted its rays into the very innermost recesses of my mind. She explored its many mazes and windings. She observed the workings of its most secret machinery. She traced and unravelled its complexities. To drop

the metaphor, she perceived the state of uncertainty in which my mind was involved, and in a tone of astonishing sympathy, rendered still more impressive by that peculiarity of pronunciation distinguished by the term, *brogue*, she exclaimed, "Och! by the powers! its all over with your mammy! Div'l burn me, but she has been drinking gin for all the world as a fish drinks water!"

Nature seems to have endowed the human tongue with a power of eloquence which the meanest can command on proper and requisite occasions. There was something so truly and simply energetic, in the concluding clause of Mrs. O'Raffarty's last sentence, that every fibre in my anatomy vibrates whenever I repeat it.

My mother, *physically speaking*, now became sensible. She perceived me. She called me to her. I approached. She grasped my left hand. "Dick, my dear," said she, "you have often desired me to disclose the name of your father." I wish it to be observed, that I am repeating her words as they would appear in a well-regulated and properly-arranged discourse. But strong liquor had rendered her weak, and she delivered them slowly and after long intervals of silence.

"Dick, my dear, you have often desired me to disclose the name of your father. There are causes which you are yet too young to analyze or understand, by which—"

She hesitated, and I urged upon her the necessity, or at least the propriety, of my possessing such a relative. I was a member of the great community of mankind. I was born to be a sharer and partaker in all the rights and privileges attached to the institution called Society. So far as my own feelings were concerned, it was a matter of indifference to me. Man is man. He is himself. He is neither another nor part of another. He is an animal alone and independent. For example:—I stand in Europe. That being whom society designates my brother, and fastens upon me by what it chooses to call the ties of blood, is in America. A thousand leagues divide us. I am not affected by his movements, neither is he influenced by mine. While he wakes, I sleep; he dies, yet I still live and breathe. I am a rational being; and upon this statement of the question, I feel the absurdity of such ties as those of blood or kin. I say, therefore, it was not from any silly delicacy, or to satisfy a false feeling, that I still pressed for the information I had so long coveted. No—I felt that though I was a philosopher, all other men were not so; and that in order to insure to myself a fair portion of the rights and privileges I have before alluded to, I should be called upon to prove my legitimate rights of fellowship with the rest of the world. I stated all this with incredible emphasis. I added, that I made no claim to ancestry. I desired to trace my lineage but one generation back. "Let the name of my grandfather," said I, "sleep for ever in the caves of oblivion—but as every human being has at least one father, let me, oh! let me know mine."

This solemn and pathetic appeal had nearly effected my object. My mother pressed my hand. It was my right; for some minutes had elapsed since she relinquished the left. "Dick, my dear—you are right—it will be as well—let me see—"

She ceased. The hand of death drew the curtain of mystery over the secret of my birth, and decreed that it should remain in darkness for ever!

(To be continued.)

#### SONG.

FAREWELL! success can bring no joy,  
And failure nothing to destroy,  
Woe cannot waste, nor pleasure thrill,  
But when, for ever, ever still

I think of thee:

I could not suffer all I may  
When strange and lonely, far away;  
I could not bless a happier lot  
If ever, ever I forgot

To think of thee.

Should the new faces I shall see,  
Continue strange and cold to me,  
I'll smile, and turn to one, which, yet  
In coldness mine has never met—

Thinking of thee—

Should the new faces soon grow kind,  
And friendly looks the wanderer find;  
Upon a single one he'll call,  
Whose single smile were worth them all—

Thinking of thee.

Young eyes, fair forms, in me can wake  
Nothing but friendship for thy sake—  
Beauty and music, mirth and song,  
Do nothing, nothing, but prolong

My thought of thee—

As all that charms, from zone to zone,  
With thee, or in thee, I have known,  
All that *may* charm, in earth and sky,  
I'll only count thy beauties by,—

Thinking of thee.

#### NOTES OF ILLINOIS.

(Continued.)

WOLVES are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds—the common, or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of these unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

The smell of burning *assafoetida* has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had followed him for a considerable distance: he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia.

We have the fox in some places in great numbers, though, generally speaking, I think the animal is scarce. It will undoubtedly increase with the population.

The panther and wild cat are found in our forests. Our open country is not, however, well suited to their shy habits, and they are less frequently seen than in some of the neighbouring states.

The beaver and otter were once numerous, but are now seldom seen, except on our frontiers.

The gopher is, as we suppose, a nondescript. The name does not occur in books of natural history, nor do we find any animal of a corresponding description. The only account that we have seen of it is in 'Long's Second Expedition.' In a residence in this state of eleven years, we have never seen one, nor have we ever conversed with a person who had seen one,—we mean, who has seen one near enough to examine it, and be certain that it was not something else. That such an animal exists is doubtless. But they are very shy, and their numbers small: they burrow in the earth, and are supposed to throw up those hillocks which are seen in such vast abundance over our prairies. This is to some extent a mistake, for we know that many of these little mounds are thrown up by the crawfish and by ants.

The polecat is very destructive to our poultry.

The raccoon and opossum are very numerous, and extremely troublesome to the farmer, as they not only attack his poultry, but plunder his corn-fields. They are hunted by boys, and large numbers of them destroyed. The skins of the raccoons pay well for the trouble of taking them, as the fur is in demand. Rabbits are very abundant, and in some places extremely destructive to the young orchards and to garden vegetables.

We have the large grey squirrel and the ground squirrel.

There are no rats, except along the large rivers, where they have landed from the boats.

#### FURTHER NOTICE OF M. ABEL RÉMUSAT.

[We are obliged for the following particulars, to a distinguished Oriental scholar and personal friend of M. Rémusat.]

In politics, he did not share the views of the greater number of his countrymen, but was much attached to Charles X., and wrote many articles, but anonymously, in the 'Universel,' a paper principally conducted by M. Saint-Martin, and abolished after the revolution in 1830.

He was Membre de l'Institut, Professor of the Chinese and Tartar languages in the Collège de France, Conservateur des Manuscrits in the Royal Library, Member of the Committee who conduct the publication of the 'Journal des Savans,' and President of the Société Asiatique. Whether he held any other offices, I do not know.

He made his first appearance as a Chinese scholar, in a small work on Chinese language and literature, published, I think, as early as the year 1811. This work, however, he himself afterwards declared to be very imperfect.

Besides the 'Yu-kiao-li' and the 'Mélanges Asiatiques,' he published the following works: 'Recherches sur les langues Tartares,' Paris, 1829, 4to.; 'Elémens de la Grammaire Chinoise,' 1822, 8vo.; 'Mémoires sur les Relations Politiques des Princes Chrétiens, particulièrement des Rois de France avec les Empereurs Mongols;' 'Mémoires sur Loo-tseu.'

In the 10th volume of the 'Notices et Extraits,' he published a dissertation on the 'Szechou,' and gave the text and translation of the 'Tcheou-king.'

In the 11th volume of the same collection, he gave a very minute account of the Japanese Encyclopædia.

A 'Catalogue Raisonné,' of the Chinese books in the Bibliothèque Royale, in the preparation of which he was engaged so early as the year 1822, perhaps already before that time, has unfortunately never appeared.

He also intended to give an edition of the 'Buddhist Dictionary in five languages,' of which he has given an account in the 'Mines de l'Orient,' vol. 4, p. 183.

He was also Doctor of Medicine.

M. Rémusat had promised the world a second volume of his 'Recherches sur les Langues Tartares,' and it may be hoped that the materials for the publication will be found among his papers. The greater portion of his works have their titles recorded in the *Bibliotheca Marsdeniana*, or catalogue of the books and manuscripts of William Marsden, Esq.—a work of reference of the highest value and authority; as the critical taste and judgment of that most accomplished orientalist are well known, and have for a long period been engaged in the formation of this the most perfect oriental library, probably, that exists.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

An advertisement of the *Metropolitan* is making a stir among the proprietors of magazines: not only, it would appear, has Moore coalesced with Campbell, in conducting it, but some dozen or two of popular writers have sent in their adhesions as contributors. We know not who drew up this same advertisement, but it is done much in that spirit of puffery, which we have always disliked; we know, of our own knowledge, that some of the names in the long array of contributors, have been used without the concurrence of the parties; out of respect for Campbell, several gentlemen sent articles, when the *Metropolitan* started, but it by no means follows, that they

will continue the same assistance. We like modest advertisements.—Some curious and instructive particulars concerning critics, and authors, and booksellers, are to be found in the forthcoming number of Murray's 'Lord Byron;' well may the bookseller exclaim, My outlay has been enormous: for the third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' he gave 1575*l.*, for the fourth Canto, 2100*l.*, for 'Don Juan,' 3100*l.*, for 'The Doge of Venice,' 1050*l.*, for 'Sardanapalus,' 'Cain,' and 'Foscari,' 1100*l.*, for those works published by Hunt, bought at a public sale, 3885*l.*, and, most marvellous of all, 4200*l.* for the Life, by Thomas Moore; on the whole, the mere copyright has cost 23,540*l.* The stern critique in the *Edinburgh*, which occasioned, in some degree, the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' was, at first, attributed to the pen of Jeffrey; latterly, however, Byron, whose information was always from the best sources, blamed Brougham; "on what grounds he has come to that conclusion," says the editor, "he nowhere mentions."

In art, little is talked of but the New Academy. It is generally understood, that we owe this magnificent undertaking as much to Hume as to any one. As soon as he discovered that George the Third had laid out many thousand pounds in establishing the Academy, and that the Institution, first and last, had expended some 200,000*l.* in the furtherance of art, he exclaimed, "Ah! I did not know of that; the Academy then has a claim on the nation, and we must not hesitate about an hundred thousand pounds." Three plans were accordingly made out and examined: the first was in a style of commercial frugality—an academy above and shops below; the second was in a style of magnificence, that would have required nearly all the money talked of, to sink the foundations; the third, by Wilkins, was plainer, with equal accommodation, and was approved; and so the work will proceed. The lower portion of the building is to be made fire-proof, for containing the public records, which, at present, are exposed in a wooden shed, and the upper will be dedicated to the uses of the Royal Academy.

A daughter of our celebrated vocalist, Mrs. Salmon, will make her début at the concert of De Bégny, on Monday next; we hope that the recollection of the mother yet lives fresh enough in the memory of the public, to insure her a kind welcome.

Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran Garcia, died last week at Paris; for flexibility of voice, and consummate musical skill, he was without a rival.

A very elegant specimen of ornamental printing, distributed by the printers of Sheffield, in commemoration of the passing of the Reform Bill, has been sent to us; and we quote from it the following poem, written by their distinguished townsman, the author of the 'Corn Law Rhymes':—

#### The Press.

God said "Let there be light!"

Grim darkness felt his might,

And fled away.

Then startled seas, and mountains cold,

Shone forth all bright in blue and gold,

And cried, " 'Tis day, 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed

The thunderous cloud, that flamed

O'er daisies white;

And lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,

Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,

And blushing, murmur'd "Light!"



Then was the skylark born;  
Then rose the embattled corn;  
Then streams of praise  
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;  
And when night came, the pallid moon  
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, Heaven's bright bow is glad!  
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad  
In glory, bloom!  
And shall the mortal sons of God  
Be senseless as the trodden clod,  
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the MIND of Man!  
By the swart Artisan!  
By God, our Sire!  
Our souls have holy light within,  
And every form of grief and sin  
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth and hell and heaven,  
The shroud of souls is riven;  
Mind, mind alone  
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;  
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour,  
The night of minds, is gone.

The second Ark we bring:  
"The Press!" all nations sing;  
What can they less?  
Oh, pallid want; oh, labour stark;  
Behold, we bring the second Ark—  
The Press! the Press! the Press!

### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the season was held on the 19th inst.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. Revett Shepherd, was elected a Fellow of the Society. A paper by William Yarrell, Esq., describing two new fresh-water fishes, from Lancashire, was read by the Secretary. A beautiful specimen of *Francoa appendiculata*, in flower, was exhibited. The seed from which this plant had been raised was brought from Chiloe, near Port San Carlos, by the naturalist who accompanied Captain King during his survey. Several valuable works were presented.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

June 19.—A portion of a paper from the late Chev. de Schrank of Munich, was read, on the construction of rock-works in botanic gardens. The exhibition included a great number of very beautiful plants, and was a source of much pleasure to a numerous assemblage of visitors. We observed *Magnolia glauca*, *Spartium virgatum*, *Sarracenia purpurea*, Seedling *peonia albiflora*, P. Richardsoni, Spanish iris—*Calceolarias*—a new variety of *Kalmia latifolia*—*Brassia maculata*—Seedling Scotch roses—*Erics*, *Gloxinia caulescens*—a new *Spigelia*, *Erythrina laurifolia*—roses, azaleas, and the north-west American annuals.

The next meeting was announced for the 2nd of July, on which day it is determined that the prize exhibition of roses shall take place. The competition on this occasion will no doubt be very powerful.

Michael Mitton, Esq. and Thomas Walker, Esq. were elected Fellows of the society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUESDAY. Medico-Botanical Society.....Eight, P.M.  
Royal College of Physicians .. Nine, P.M.  
WEDNES. Royal Geographical Society .. Nine, P.M.

### MUSIC

#### KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, was revived most unexpectedly, Rossini's opera seria 'Semiramide,' in which appeared Mesdames Grisi and Mariani, Signori Tamburini, Calveri, and Mariani. Grisi evidently had a just conception of the music, but her shrill and inexpressive voice, denied her the power of expressing what she felt. Mad. Mariani's *Asur*, was rather a tame performance, compared to that of Malibran's, or Pizaroni's. The singing of Tamburini, however, was an im-

provement on all we have heard in the part: the flexibility of his voice, his correct intonation, and good taste, left us nothing to desire.

On Tuesday, printed apologies were scattered in the theatre, by which we learned that Mad. Cinti and her husband demand a greater sum for the renewal of their engagement, than Mr. Mason is willing to give; and consequently, for that evening, 'Robert le Diable' was performed with the second and fourth act omitted. Thus mutilated, the opera was reduced to a mere spectacle.

On Wednesday, Beethoven's 'Fidelio' was again crowded to excess. The increased enthusiasm with which these German operas are received, and their beauties appreciated, speaks well for the taste of the English: nearly the whole of the opera was encored!

On Thursday, for the benefit of M. Levasseur, the entire opera of 'Robert le Diable,' with the part of *Isabelle* sustained by Madlle. Schneider, of the German company, was repeated to a scanty audience. The absence of so many fashionable amateurs at Ascot will sufficiently account for it.

'La Straniera,' by Bellini, will, we believe, be positively brought out this evening; and the opera of 'Macbeth' is expected to be produced on Wednesday next. It is a very inauspicious time for a new author, after such splendid operas as 'Freischütz' and 'Fidelio.' However, let us be liberal and just, and avoid comparisons.

#### EIGHTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

A new Sinfonia expressly written for the society, by Onslow, was performed for the first time. The first allegro, in D minor, is wild and dramatic in its character; the andante in F major, à la Pastorale, is simple and pleasing—the minuet but indifferent—the trio, in B flat, elegant, the last movement wanting in relief. Few composers have the courage to produce works of this unprofitable and laborious kind, and we feel grateful for hearing two in the same season, from the classical pen of Moscheles and Onslow.

Mad. Devrient's singing of Mozart's aria, 'Parto ma tu, ben mio,' and Willman's clarinet accompaniment, were admirable. Neukomm's Concertante for wind instruments, was repeated for a second time this season; as was Mendelssohn's Concerto, of which we made favourable mention in our notice of the seventh Concert. Tamburini wasted a great deal of fine execution and feeling on a flimsy aria by Pacini. Beethoven's Sinfonia in F delighted us; of the nine grand sinfonias by Beethoven, this is generally the least admired, yet, the master mind may be traced throughout. The scherzo, which is a perfect gem, was rapturously encored; the last movement contains some phrases of transcendent beauty. In Rossini's duetto 'Di caprice,' the flexible powers of Mad. Cinti and Sig. Tamburini were exhibited to the greatest advantage. Maurer's Concertante for four violins, was effectively executed by Mori, Seymour, Tolbecque, and A. Griesbach.

The Concert terminated with Mendelssohn's fine descriptive overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—the author presiding in the orchestra.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Concise Instructions for the performance on the Royal Seraphine and Organ.* Containing also a collection of some of the best old, and many original chants, arranged and fingered by J. Green.

The seraphine, in size and shape, resembles a cottage piano-forte; it sustains sounds produced by metallic springs acted upon by wind. It serves the purpose of a domestic organ, and is also a pleasing accompaniment to the human voice and pianoforte. These exercises will be

found useful to young organists, and serviceable for playing on the Harmonica, Acrophone, and other instruments on the same principle.

*Echo, hither come to me.* J. F. Dannelly.

*The Pride of the Village.* W. Ball.

*Dance with me.* G. Linley, Esq.

THESE three ballads, though differing materially in character, are equally good—the first is *schërzo* and of modest pretension—the second, rather more elegant, is à la *valse*, in three-eight time, for a mezzo-soprano—the third partakes more of the sentimental.

### THEATRICALS

#### COVENT GARDEN.

THIS house closed last night, but the address was delivered too late in the evening for us to be able to state whether it touched upon any topic of interesting information as to the future. Before the next season commences, it is understood, that we are to have the delight of seeing Madlle. Mars and Madlle. Taglioni here. It is to be hoped that this is true. The head of the one and the feet of the other are unequalled. Mr. Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble have, it appears, signed with Mr. Price, and are shortly to proceed to America. The terms offered were not to be resisted; and, however much we may regret losing those whose places cannot be efficiently supplied (at least with Miss Kemble it is unlikely, and with Mr. Kemble next door to impossible), it would be out of all reason to object to Mr. Kemble's seeking any legitimate means of indemnifying himself against the heavy losses he has experienced through his nominal property at Covent Garden. All true lovers of the drama will wish him, as we do, a prosperous trip and a safe return, and join us in the hope that, after that, we may yet, for some years, have opportunities of seeing him in those characters in which he is, and is likely to remain, unrivalled. Those who are not awake to his true value now, will begin to discover it when he has disappeared.

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE new piece to be produced this evening is well spoken of: no doubt, deservedly so, from the quarter whence it proceeds, but we shall not mention names until the sanction of an audience shall have placed it beyond the reach of accident.—It was pleasing to observe a considerable improvement in Mr. Kean's health from the manner in which he played *Hamlet* on Monday last. During the three first acts he seemed to be in as complete possession of all his powers, both mental and bodily, as he ever was at any period. After these, his strength failed him in some measure, but, upon the whole, there was a degree of physical vigour about his performance which we had despaired of seeing again. The applause bestowed on him was enthusiastic. Mr. Brindall, who improves in the best way, slowly but surely, was more than respectable in *Larles*. Here our praise must end, Mrs. Ashton cannot play *Ophelia*, and Mr. Harley's *Grave-digger* is, at best, an amusing mistake. The houses are gradually mending, and, upon the whole, this favourite theatre is looking up.

#### VAUXHALL.

THESE gardens opened for the season on Monday last. It is some years since the proprietors were fortunate enough to have so fine a night for their commencement, as they had upon this occasion, and, consequently, since the gardens were so well attended on a first night. A good start is generally a great part of the battle with all places of public entertainment, and we trust that in this case it may be taken

as the omen of a prosperous season. The company was, it is true, more numerous than select, but it was not without its sprinkling of gentility. One man at least, we dare swear, was of gentle blood, from the intense horror which he manifested on finding that some of his party were leading the way to the firework gallery, and that he was expected to follow. He was doing so as a matter of course, until the board with the word "Gallery" on it caught his eye—he then started as far back as the pressure of the crowd permitted him, and called out to his friend who was leading—"Gracious powers! stop—don't go there—you don't know what you're doing—It's a gallery—don't go into a gallery—we can't go into a gallery—I never go into a gallery." His exclamations were interrupted, and his agitation was finally calmed by repeated assurances that the gallery in question was not such a gallery as he had read of, perhaps even seen, at the theatre, but merely a raised platform, from which the better to behold the fireworks—and that, in short, the going there was "the thing to do." In the theatre a new vaudeville was produced, the words by Mr. Fitzball, and the music by Mr. Bishop. It is called the "Magic Fan, or, A Flip on the Nose." The plot, as well as we could collect it, we understood to be an audible crack! crack! crack! every now and then followed by an invisible thump on the nose for any one who happened to be on the stage.—The crowd was so dense that we could not get our noses in, and, considering what was going on, it was perhaps well for us that we could not. Under these circumstances, we cannot offer any more detailed opinion of either the piece or the music, but the whole thing appeared to be light and to give general satisfaction. The former we suppose must be good, for it is evidently a "crack" piece, and the latter is sure to be safe in Mr. Bishop's hands. A gothic building in the space behind the Rotunda appropriated to the exhibition of Cosmoramas, &c. was much approved of. Some injury to the effect intended to be produced was sustained by the accidental conflagration of a medium which was stretched from tree to tree in front of it in order to regulate the light. It was burnt down, but not until it had been burnt up. The spectators treated it as a natural fire-work, and it was honoured with a round of applause. The optical delusions were not quite so good as those of last year—those which we saw at least. The concert in the air, and the airs in the concert, were much as usual. Mr. Robinson's voice is very pleasing. A glee by A. Lee, with a crowd at the end of it, was cock sure of making a hit, and did so accordingly. A considerable addition to the usual number of lamps was made in honour of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The illuminations were tasteful and splendid. The introduction of flowers, plants, and shrubs, is a decided improvement. The fireworks were brilliant, the chickens tender, and Mr. Blackmore's ascension only to be equalled by Mr. Simpson's condescension.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Hanoverian Society of the Fine Arts.*—A Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts has just been formed in Hanover; its leading object is to encourage native talent by an annual exhibition, and purchasing the choicest productions of the pencil, graver, and chisel from the exhibitors. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge appears as patron of the new Society, and great progress has already been made in raising shares for its support. They are so low as three dollars (9s.) each.

*Alexander's Monument.*—To the brief notice, which our last contained, of this gigantic work, a recent number of the St. Petersburg Journal enables us to add the following: "The block of

granite, which constitutes the sole foundation, is already in its place, and weighs nearly a million of pounds. The height of the steps at the foot of the monument is 5 feet; that of the pediment and its bedding 35; that of the shaft of the pillar 84, and of the capital, together with the pedestal and statue, resting upon it, 36; giving a total height of 160 feet. The solid mass of granite forming the pillar has been tooled and rounded within the space of eight months. A ship has been built for the express purpose of bringing it to this place. As soon as landed the column will be wound up the slip to the platform, in the centre of which stands a scaffolding 98 feet square and 34 feet high, and on this scaffolding the great machinery, by means of which the column is to be placed upon its pediment, is erected. The emperor has directed that the power employed to raise the column shall be that of 1800 veterans, who served under the late emperor Alexander. Arrangements have been made, so that the arrival of the column will take place in the course of June, and its elevation on the 11th of September, which is St. Alexander's day.—We may add, that a somewhat similar monument is likely to be erected in London in commemoration of Reform in Parliament. The Haytor Company have examined their quarries, and offered a block of granite 10 feet square and some 90 feet high—an enormous mass!

*Goethe.*—A medal is now preparing in memory of Goethe, at Dresden, representing on one side the bust of the poet, and on the other his apotheosis. Instead, however, of being mounted on an eagle, the usual conveyance of bards to the Olympian realms, ever since the discovery of the celebrated cup in the Pontine marshes, representing the apotheosis of Homer, Goethe makes his ascent on the wings of a swan.—It is expected that Goethe's MSS. will furnish fifteen additional volumes to his works. Among them will be one volume of unpublished poems: one forming a continuation of Faust; and a fourth volume of his life, comprising the period of his last residence in Frankfurt, till his removal to Weimar, viz. from 1774 to 1776, and said to be full of interest.

*Proportion of Students to the number of Professors at different Universities.*—At Berlin 13; at Leipzig 17; at Göttingen 17; at Halle 20; at Vienna 22; at Prague 26; at Naples 30; at Lemberg 34; at Pavia 36; at Cambridge 48; at Oxford 40; and at Edinburgh 102.

*Division of Poland.*—The following, said to be an autograph letter of Maria Theresa to her minister Kaunitz, on the division of Poland, has been recently published in Germany. If genuine, it ought to save her memory from the disgrace which attaches to all those who took a willing part in that iniquitous transaction: "When all my countries were attacked, so that I knew not even where to find a place for my *acouchement*, I relied on my good cause, and the assistance of God. But in this affair, which is as contrary to justice as to sound sense, I confess I feel dreadfully uneasy, and ashamed to show myself in public. Consider, Prince, what an example we are setting to all the world, if for a miserable portion of Poland, or of Moldavia, or Wallachia, we risk our honour and reputation. But I perceive that I stand alone and am no longer en *vigneur*. Therefore I let things take their course, but not without the greatest sorrow."

*New Trumpet.*—A Mr. Barth, of Munich, has there obtained a patent for an improved trumpet. It is said, not only to be much purer in tone than any instrument of the kind at present in use, but to be furnished with a key, by the use of which the player, even whilst he is blowing, may change the key from F to C, and from E flat to B; and in this way produce the same diversity in his accompaniment as hath hitherto required the effect of four distinct trumpets. By

the application of a semicircular piece, the key may be likewise changed from E to B, and D to A. The bands of several regiments in the Bavarian service have ordered the new trumpet to be supplied them.

*Constitutions.*—A bookseller in Paris being lately asked for a copy of the Constitution of 1814, replied: "Sir, I keep no periodicals."

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
	Max. Min.	Mean.		
Th. 14	72 54	29.30	S.W.	Clear.
Fr. 15	74 52	29.63	W.	Rain, p.m.
Sat. 16	73 50	29.77	W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 17	78 51	29.80	W.	Clear.
Mon. 18	76 55	29.86	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 19	81 56	Stat.	Var. to W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 20	80 53	Stat.	W.	Clear.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 65°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 50 min. No night; the sun not descending far enough below the horizon to cause darkness.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, from the Norman Conquest to the Nineteenth Century, by J. H. Wiffen.

History of Charlemagne, by G. P. R. James, Esq. Supplement to London's Hortus Britannicus.

New edition of Baydon on Rents, &c. with considerable additions.

*Just published.*—Woodville's Medical Botany, by Dr. J. Hooker and W. G. Spratt, 5 vols. 8to. 8s. Rev. R. P. Beacher's Four Sermons, 2s. 6d.—Little Mary Grown Older, 2s. 6d.—Knight's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Caracalla, a Tragedy, 8vo. 4s.—The Progress of Truth, with other Poems, by the Rev. J. Jones, 12mo. 5s.—The Family Topographer, Vol. 2, 5s.—Cooper's Proposal for a General Record Office, Judges' Hall and Chambers, and other Buildings, 8vo. 6s.—Gleadow's Census and Statistics of Glasgow and County of Lanark, and an Abstract of the Population of the British Empire, fol. 2l. 2s.—Norman on Natural Philosophy, 8vo. 5s.—Gardiner's Music of Nature, 8vo. 18s.—Bishop of Chester's St. Luke, 8vo. 9s.—Commodore Byron's Narrative of his Shipwreck and Sufferings, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—On the Economy of Manufactures, by C. Babbage, 6s.—Sheridan's Guide to the Isle of Wight, 8s.—Sermons by A. B. Evans, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Salut, by H. E. Allen, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Remember Me, 2nd series, 22mo. 4s.—Bell's System of Geography, with Map, and Plates, 1l. 10s.—Bernard's Creed and Ethics of the Jews, 8vo. 1l. 1s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. 7, British India, Vol. 2, 5s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

Now, that the Theatres are shut—the Exhibition criticised—the sessional meetings of the Societies drawing to a close, and the publishers taking their Summer rest, we hope to have a little more room for Original Papers, which have, indeed, accumulated upon our hands rather alarmingly. Among them, however, are many, which we have good hopes will not a little gratify our readers; and, to begin worthily, we intend, on Saturday week, the 7th of July, to give an *extra sheet of eight pages*, and

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS AND POEMS BY

Allan Cunningham—C. Dance—T. K. Hervey—Thomas Hood—Mary Howitt—William Howitt—Leigh Hunt—Miss Jewsbury—J. H. Reynolds—Charles Lamb—Leitch Ritchie—Thomas Roscoe—The Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes'—The Author of 'The O'Hara Tales'—The Author of 'Paul Fry'—The Author of 'Rent Day'—The Author of 'The Hunchback'—The Author of 'Dominic's Legacy'—The Author of 'London in the Olden Time'—The Author of 'Civil Wars in Ireland,' &c. &c. &c.

Nearly two whole pages of advertisements are unavoidably deferred. To insure insertion they should be sent very early in the week.

Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches arrived too late for review—Gardiner's Music of Nature next week. Thanks to B.—Myra.—A. C.—G. C.

The MSS. are left inclosed at our office for W. H. C.

When speaking lately of literary piracy, we referred to an article copied into the Hampshire Telegraph from the Greenock Advertiser, which we presumed must have been taken by the latter, without acknowledgment, from the Athenæum. Strong in his integrity, the editor of that paper has, in the most liberal spirit, not only admitted the fact and expressed regret at the omission, but added to his acknowledgment a generous and flattering testimony to the general conduct of this paper. We are also indebted for a like courtesy to the editor of the Berwick Advertiser, and request both parties to accept our best thanks.





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